

AD ^{6.28.9.22.8}
AVGVSTISSIMVM
MONARCHAM
CAROLUM, ^{1070 m23}

MAJORIS BRITANNIÆ, FRANCIÆ
Et Hiberniæ, REGEM potentissimum
Fidei Defensorem, &c.

IN SCOTIAM
redeuntem,
CARMEN PANEGYRICUM.

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EDINBURGI,
Excudebat R. JUNIUS. 1633.

LA
AVGUSTISSIMA
MONARCHIA
CAROLINA

MAJORIS BRITANNIAE



1890



1883. 1883.



CARMEN PANEGYRICUM.

VOs mihi, Pierides placidae, pia numina, vestro
 Afflatu Aonium poscenti subdite carmen,
 Quale sit & dignum vestris exire Camœnis,
 Et Regem eximium meritis quod laudibus ornet.
 Cui non prisca parem dederant, nec fortè futura
 Secla dabunt, fecis præconia rite futuris
 Pandere fert animum, Divûnque æquare trophæis.

Dicite primævæ primùm cunabula gentis :
 Quo Genitore satus : superûm clementia quantis
 Dotibus extulerit, Fortuna arriserit, omni
 Sorte beans, quam terra parit, quam pontus & æther:
 Candida quæque animo virtus : quæ corpore vires:
 Quantaque regales decorârit gratia vultus:
 Et quæ conjugio tandem dignata superbo.
 Scotia felicem vestro se prædicat ortu,
 Quæ serie longâ, belloque invicta perennat,
 Sæpe petita, tamen crudis non parta Tyrannis.
 Quid, quod in humanos tellus non proferat usus;
 Seu placeat modicè frugalibus indere mensis,
 Magnatumve epulis impendere magna profusis:
 Non Tyrio defunt Scotis fucata veneno
 Vellera, nec rutilo vestis quæ fulgeat auro.
 Quanta focus, quanta hæc superinijcienda caminis,
 Tum sibi, tumque aliis Vulcania dona ministrare
 Hæc multas pecudum species, hæc & ge nerosos

Gignit equos, variisque armenta laboribus apta.
 Sufficit & volucres, quarum pars chorte saginâ
 Pascens, pars pictis perstringens lumina pennis;
 Sunt etiam, tenues quarum vox exit in auras,
Vel Quam saxo tereti regerit reparabilis Echo,
 Utcunque, humanas mulcent dulcedine mentes.
 Exceduntque feræ silvis, & montibus errant
 Innumera, atque iterum sese in sua lustra recondunt,
 Quas vel venêris canibus, perimafve sagittâ,
 Aut imprudentes arcanâ indagine cingas.
 Humida squamigerum gens undique littora tranat,
 Quam mare tum nobis nostros largitur in efus,
 Quâque aliæ magno, ditescant fœnore gentes.
 Hæc fortes enixa viros, quæis fortia bello
 Pectora, quique (feros quamvis) fidenter in hostes
 Irruere exoptent, Martemque incendere voris.
 Doctorumque ferax, examina multa quotannis
 Emittere, ipso né vel superanda Lyceo.
 Hoc natale solum, cujus Rex maxime nunquam
 Poeniteat, pudeatve, tibi dum vita superfit,
 Nec te Mors tacitis invisâ immisceat umbris.

Hinc mihi, qui tanti talem genuere parentes
 Musa refer, quanto & partus cumulavit honore?
 O *Iacobe*, tuis iterum te manibus effer,
 Atque iterum specta quali tu Germine felix
 Postquam ter denos explevit *Carolus* annos.
 Admirande Pater, pater hem, quem nulla tacebunt
 Secula, dum vigeant Musæ, dum vivat Apollo;
 Jam, centum & septem proavis tu Sexte superstes,
 Cui tria Regna uni faustis superaddita fati:
 Quæ neque Bellonâ crudeli parta, nec astu,
 Securè ad seros tibi transmittenda Nepotes.

Tu

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Tu fophiâ mirè donatus Apolline, linguâ
Mercurio, omnimodâ perfusus Palladis arte. (stat :
Quæ quibus anteferam ? tantum hoc mihi deniq; re-
(Cum neq; mens, calamus, verbis nec lingua solutis
Pro merito celebrare queant) mea Musa fiesce.

Anna, ante te fileam tacitus magno altera nato
Magna parens, magnis atavis oriundaque Danis ?
Te, pulchra *Anna*, tuo flagrans *JACOBUS* amore,
Advexit, thalamoque suo, Regnoque locavit.
Quid plura ? ut pereas Lachesis, sævæque Sorores !
Quod velut Angligenæ sceptro successit Eliæ,
Non etiam pariles Clotho pernèverit annos.

Dehinc offer mea Diva, ut Mens immunis ab omni
Sit vitio, quanto & scateat virtutis amore !
Nec tu verba, tuo, nobis, indigna corhurno
Dedecori, molli palpo fucata ministres.

Luxuries non ulla tuam, non prava libido
Exercet mentem, penitus nec fidere venis
Ausa tuis, tenerasve manus assuescere ferro.
Non Cytheræa suis raptum te fascinat alma
Illecebris : sua nec Bromius tibi retia tendit.
Non aurum, fastus, loxii non dicta, nec ulla
Foedavere tuos infanda piacula sensus.

Dic Alcide (alios invictò robore præstans)
Num sit & in *Carli* juvenili corpore robur,
Visque ea quæ firmis nectat compagibus artus ?
Brachia longa, humeri lati, suræque decorâ
Crassitie, potis & pedibus contendere cervo.
Frænatis lucens in equis, calcaribus armos
Perfodit, optatas avidus contingere metas :
Robustâ & vibrat ferrata hastilia dextrâ.
Si fortè Anchisis certasses talis ad umbras,

Et palmā, & tripodas, laurum, aurum, atq; arma tulif.
 Hinc Pandora, tuo monstrans tua munera vultu (ses.
 Abstiste, est qui te superet, prædamque reportet.
 Fronis alta, eximios mores, & nobile nomen
 Præfert: excelsam referunt tua lumina mentem:
 Casaries, cerebrum constans: naresque sagaces,
 Prudentes animos: iusti dulcissimus oris
 Spiritus, ingenui latitantia pectoris aulā
 Mitia portendens, exemptaque crimine verba.
 Sunt patulæ faciles miserorum questibus aures.
 Effigietali pictum te magne Monarcha,
 Quis, qui semideum, divumve, virumve vocarit?
 Eia age Phœbe, pio tu nunc modulamine vires
 Exere: quantum animæ divino munere præstant
 Corporibus foedo terrai pulvere mistis;
 Tantum divinos pronus mihi suggere versus.
 Euge anima, assiduo supremi flaminis aurā
 Perflata, & crebro coeli circumflua rore,
 Quois tempestivos possis producere fructus.
 Tota decens; gemmā pretiosā, ostroque coruscans:
 Et peplo insignis: pulchroque induta monili:
 Distincta & variis maculis circumdata palla:
 Hostibus indomito diademate clara superbo.
 Gemma tibi, cujus primū capiaris amore,
 Relligio sincera, animis inimica profanis:
 Quā duce, sacrilegū tu tela Typhoëa temnis:
 Necnon Romulidis audax irrumpere castris,
 Papicolæque suis miseros expellere tectis.
 Jus quoque promissæ sanctum pro tegmine pallæ,
 Quo nec se jactant tenues læsisse tyranni,
 Nec miseri incautos se decepisse tyrannos:
 Sic celo redit in terras Astræa Britannas.

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Pro populo, summi cultusque, timorque *Tonantis*,
Queis semper puris resonat pia Regia votis,
Supplicibusq; ipsum precibus percundit Olympum.
Non epulæ, ludi, privata negotia, castam
Publica nec possunt sacris avertere mentem.
Organa non desunt plectris pulsata, vel aurâ
Turgida, prædulci numeros modulantia voce:
Omina Mystrarum nec non felicia cœtu.

Muriceum scintillat amor, candetque per Ostrum,
Hoc, irâ, hoc, odio, livore, rumentia sedat
Pectora, nec patitur nocituræ spicula linguæ,
Illita vipereo volitare per aera morfu.

Aurato gaudet cervix accincta monili,
Quo tu vota Midæ, quo respuis Indica dona,
Omnia quæque Tagus bibulis eructat arenis:
Contentusque tuis, aliisque effundere prompt is
Divitias, grati vivo qui fausta precentur,
Nec vivis migres, Pyllos dum expleveris annos!

Armipotens diadema fides, quæ nescia flecti
Nullaque quam terrent Satanæ crudelia sævi
Vulnera, nec mundi philtis illecta movetur.
Quæ carnis stimulos mordaces cedere retro
Cogit, & Eumenidum turbas per saxa, per ignes
Insequiturque, & avet victrici sternere dextrâ,
Hæc, quæ securum poterit te sistere cœlo.

Nunc mihi casta *Venus*, nunc adsis pronuba *Iuno*:
Dicite, quî primo fuerit frustratus amore
Carolus, emensis terrâque, altoque periclis.

Ausu magnanimo, fortem se credere ponto
Non dubitans, ignota, infida, & inhospita transit
Littora, dum optati penetrale intraret Iberi:
Non cedens refluvis noctis caligine cæca

Fluctibus,

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Fluctibus, aut scopulis allisis territus undis,
Sæva tridentiferi ridet spiramina Divi.
Sacrilegæ veritus gentis non toxica lingua,
Pharmaca lethifero metuens, nec mista veneno.
Omnia tuta, suis faveant modò numina cæptis,
Et redeat sponsâ tandem donatus Iberâ.

Fata, Diique obstant, natam melioribus annis
Spondentes, avibus dextris, atque omine fausto,
Quam Rex dignetur regno, thalamoque jugali:
Quæ fata *Borbonio* magno, *Florente*que Nymphâ,
Quæ *Carli* & reddat sementi nobile germen:
Gallia quamque aluit dum plenis nubilis annis:
Gallia nobiscum tutò quæ fœdera sanxit,
Intemerata colat, semper, dum sol ab Eoo
Currit in hesperium pernici tramite casum!
Macte animi pia *Progenies*! te sospite quid nos
Lædat? quove tuas, hostes conamine terras
Infestent? quis miles atrox, quæ machina muros
Eruat? aut celsas intret prædator in arces?
Quippetibi vasto circumdata marmore regna,
Quod non hostiles pedibus superare phalanges,
Nec poterunt equitum turmæ transmittere cursu.
Si solum *Æoliis* inimicos missa cavernis
Flabra vehant, rapidoque negent immergere fluctu,
Sed fragili, nobis damno, submittere pinu,
Fulmina piniferi *Thamesis* dispersa retrorsum
Agmina fusa dabunt, patriisque appellere cogent
Littoribus, validos non invasura Britannos,
Forſitan & proprios nunquam visura penates.

Hem Deus, hem, nobis tibi gratia quanta *Tri-uni*?
Qui Regi, & populos priscumque revifere regnum,
Et gaudere suis dederis natalibus arvis.

Lætitiâ,

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Lætitiâ, hæc animos explem spectacula nostros.
Æternam nobis nunc spondent sidera pacem
Cum neque Saxo ferox Scorûm prædabitur agros,
Nec se Saxonidum satiabit sanguine Scous.

*Vivat Rex, & semen
ejus
in seculum.*

B THE



THE ENGLISH PARAPHRASE.

Pierid Nymphs, and Gods I you require
Grant me such loftie stile as I desire,
And from your cunning Cabinets proceeds
Of mighty Princes when you praise the deeds :
Because with praise my Prince I would instore,
Like unto whom none age brought out before,
And who can shew, if afterward shall bring
So worthie, and so well deserving King?

Begin my Muse, his cradle-countrey tell :
His parents next: and what a one himself :
What luckily lot from water, aire, and land,
Fortune hath hatcht, and put into his hand :
What mind, what strength, what sundry sorts of grace
Forth-shew themselves into his royall face :
And last, my Muse, I wish I might be led
To tell what kinde of Queen came to his bed.

Scotland in cradle first received thee,
And glories of so great a Progenie,
Thy Kingdome old, invaded oft by many,
Yet standing sure, and unsubdu'd by any.
So fertile, that (in season) both it will
Such food afford, as hungry men may fill:
If Mightier more daintie dishes crave,
For banquetting abundance they shall have.
Fleeces of wooll well dy'd would men desire,
Scotland will strive with Sidon and with Tyre :
Vesture with silver, silk, or golden lace,
Ill ornament can give the body grace.

In fire all other countries it exceeds,
 To give, to sell, conserve so much as needs.
 Great flocks, and pleasant horses it out-brings :
 Beasts both for work, and sundry other things.
 Fowles of all sorts it breeds abundantly,
 Part fed for food, part pleasant to the eye,
 For chaunting some, whose voyce the sky doth tack,
 Or echo from the rocks repels a-back :
 Go where it will, the singing is so sweet,
 For melancholick minds it may be meet.
 Wilde beasts in troupes go forth from woods and glens,
 Feeds on the mountains, then turns to their dens :
 Chase them with dogs ; if ye will not so do,
 With arrows, darts, or traps ye may goe to.
 The secund coasts Fish frequently brings out,
 To serve the selfe, and Kingdomes round about.
 Stout Souldiers, and courageous Captains bears,
 Who wounds, and cruell weapons never fears,
 And will not flye like fawerts out of fight,
 But call on Mars to come with all his might.
 Such cunning Clerks it yearly doth out-send,
 As might in skill with Athens old contend.
 This is the soyle, whereon thy foot first came,
 Shame not, O mighty Monarch, of the same,
 Till life thee leave, death hatefull come, and so
 Thou to the grave, and senselesse shadows go.

Tell next, my Muse, what Parents him begat,
 And how great honour he hath gain'd of that.
 Up from the dead King *James*, retorne, and see
 What blessed Brood proceedeth hatch of thee,
 King *Charles*, with gifts endu'd that Kings effeires,
 When he is now out-passed thirtie yeares.
Father, thy fame no place, no time shall tyne,
 Till Muses and Apollo want engyne.
 After sev'n and one hundred crowned Kings,
 Three Kingdomes Fates to thy fourth Kingdome brings.
 By sword, by fraud thou didst them not procure,
 To thy Successours then they may be sure.

Phœbus gave wit, and Mercure eloquence,
 All kinde of skill Minerva's influence.
 What first? what last? what way shalt thou have praise?
 It cannot flow from any humane phrase.
 Heart, hand, nor tongue can give thy due to thee,
 Be dumb therefore my Muse, and let it be.

Fair *Anna*, mother of a Birth so great,
 Should I in silence from thine honour sit?
 Descended of the noble Danick race,
 Thee heartily did blest King *James* embrace:
 To bed and Kingdome he did thee promove;
 What further shall I say for thy behove?
 As English *Elisbeth's* Crown thou did attene,
 Should not thy years with hers have equall bene?

Calliope, paint out *Charles* pleasant sprite,
 Voyd of ilke vice, with vertues all replete:
 Bid me not false, and flattring fables feinyea,
 Which may my selfe, and all the matter steinyea.

No luxurie in mind, no peevish lust
 Moves him to filthy facts, or things unjust:
 Not Cytherea traps him with her talk,
 Nor Bromius may make him no to walk.
 No greed, no pride, no fraud, nor foule offences,
 Nor shamefull crimes infected have his senses.

Stand Hercules a little space, and see,
 If thou can finde antagonist for thee:
 Though thou admire thy strength, and doughty deeds,
 Think not but strength into King *Charles* resides,
 And pith hath all his leiths compactly knit,
 Whereby for any fact he may bee fit.
 Long armes, broade shoulders, comely brans he bends,
 Swift-foot almost with swiftest Hart contends.

Boldly upon his ramping horses rides,
 With golden spurs he pungenes all their sides:
 In his right hand iron-pointed spears he takes,
 And soppilly them here and there he shakes.
 Hadst thou, King *Charles*, striv'n at Anchises shryne,
 Palme, chyre, laure, aure, and armour had bene thine.

Avoid

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Avoid Pandora, though thy face forth-show
Thy gifts, one found that will thee overgo.
His stretcht-up front, great name, and fame portends,
A mighty minde his pregnant eyes out-sends :
Haire shews the brain complete at ev'ry part :
Quick-smelling Nares portend a prudent heart :
The most sweet breath that from his mouth out-fares,
The ground of meek and modest voyce declares :
His patent ears give out a signe most sure
That he will heare oppres'd complaining poore.
Thee mighty Monarch in such portrait than
Half-God, God-like, or who shall call a man?

Go to Apollo, grant some better thing,
Make me more holy sentences to sing :
How far the soule the body doth exceede,
I pray, right so that thou my verses lead.

O soule, deer soule o're-breath'd with divine sprite,
O're-laid with holy dewe, and heav'nly wet,
So that thou dost break out in fruit and flowers
By such calme ayre, and sweet refreshing showers.
All comely, both with gliftring Gem inroll'd
With Ostre, Peple, Monile of good mold,
And also with a party-colour'd pall,
And diademe that mountes above them all.

This glansing gem Religion is to thee,
To soules profane a mortall enemie.
Having this Captain, thou needst no to ken
The proud, nor any sacrilegious men :
Thereby break boldly in the Romane camp,
And under-foot the three-fold crown may stamp.

Thy Pall is justice, tyrants to restraine,
And peart oppressors putting poore to paine :
And that the poore, in hope of clemencie,
Defraud, nor steale, nor trap with trecherie.
Goddesse of justice fair Astrea, thou
To Britain Kingdome art returned now.
Thy Peple is Gods worship, and his fear,
Holds holinesse within his heart intere.

No

No feast, no sport may make King *Charles* inclyne,
 That he should any sacred service tynne,
 No private purpose him with-hold, nor yet
 A publike weale will him refraine from it.
 Organes and musick voyces gives a sound,
 His repercussing Chappels gars redound.
 The Liturgie it hath the greater grace,
 Bishops, and divine doctors in the place.

For twinkling Ostre is his charitie,
 From ire, envie, and hatred keeping free,
 And suffers not from a perturbed minde
 Offensive speech to passe in any kinde.

In golden Monile beams of soule so bright,
 That Midas votes are nothing in thy sight:
 Not Indian gifts, and jewels thou respects,
 Nor all that Tagus golden sands ejects.

Content thou art thine own that thou possesse,
 And to bestow on others who have lesse;
 Who for thy weale in all thy life will pray,
 And Nestors years before thou passe away.

Faith for thine armes-commanding Diademe,
 That further must advance thy noble name.
 For, Satans fatall wounds it will not feare,
 Nor contrarie force controle it to retere:
 Not on enticements of the world it stands,
 Nor any fleshly fancie it commands:
 Through craig, through clough, through fire it forces
 And slight infernall Furies it garres tack. back,
 This, this is it, that can with peace and joy
 Thee unto heav'nly happinesse convoy.

Come Venus chaste, come Iuno who commands
 The marriages, and the wedding bands:
 Tell how Prince *Charles* lost his first liked love,
 For which so many perils he did prove.

With mighty mind the seas he past into,
 And did what sailes and winds dought gar him do,
 By cruell coasts, by rocks, by banks of land,
 Till he came to the Spanishe inward land,

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Ev'n mis-regarding the great Ocean God,
With all his fearfull, and three-forked rod,
Of false infecting tongues he took no care;
Nor paust on poyson; though it oft be there:
All he thought well, in heart as he would wish,
If he should not th' Iberian Ladie misse.
The gods and fates gain stand, they both pretend,
That they to him a meeter Mate should send,
And happily in wedlock should conjoyn,
Goe to his royall bed when that were done:
Of *Burbon* great, and *Florent* Nymph, who thee
Should blesse King *Charles* with blest posterity.
Fair France her bred, till years made her complete,
That she were able with a match to meet;
Ev'n France, with which I wish our league may last,
While Sun from East doth fall into the West.

Increase, O King, in gifts, and ev'ry grace,
That should beseme a great heroick race.
What can us harme if we have thee? Or who
In hostile maner dare to Britan go?
What war-engine, what battring bullet shall,
Or bands of men break down great Britan wall?
Who may thy castles, and thy strengths assey?
Thy palaces may spoyle and make a prey?
For great marmorean fossie fences fast,
On which no man on foot, or horse hath past.
None other way unfriends to us can finde,
Lesse *Eolus* them help with happy winde,
And send them save by ships for our distresse,
Yet must they know, that Thames good shipping hes,
With thundring canons playing here and there,
To make them flee, alb' it they wot not where,
And not perhaps turn back where they came fro,
Or ever to their kindly countrey go.

Hale mighty God, hale blessed *Trinitie*,
With how great thanks are we now bound to thee,
Who made our King his wonted Kingdome view,
And in that sight doth all our joyes renew.

Eter-

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Eternall peace the heav'ns to us promise,
And more than we could wish with words or wits,
When English shall not Scottissh countrey spoile,
Nor Scottissh unto English give the foile.

*Live, mighty Monarch long, thy seed for ay,
Till heav'n, and earth, and water passe away.*

FINIS.



